OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, April 18, 1912. Number 3.

500 Consumptives Cause Half Million LOSS

An actual money loss in wages and institutional care of $500,023.00 was sustained by the City of Boston and by 500 male consumptives studied by Dr. Edwin A. Locke and Dr. Cleaveland Floyd of the Out-Patient Department of the Boston Consumptive Hospital. This is but one of many interesting conclusions presented by these physicans in the March Journal of the Outdoor Life, (New York), the official organ of The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

In order to ascertain the actual economic loss from tuberculosis, Drs. Locke and Floyd selected at random 500 male cases, men who had visited the dispensary during the last five years. 244 of the cases studied were dead when the investigation was begun and 256 were living. Over 41 per cent of the men were between the ages of twenty and thirty-nine.

It was found on May 1, 1911, the date of the investigation, that the 244 dead men had each lost on an average of 58.03 weeks of work from the time of the onset of their disese until death. The average weekly rate of wages of these men was $11.89 and their total loss in wages amounted to $170,965. The 256 living cases each lost on an average 89.3 weeks of work at an average wage of $I1.38 or a total loss of $255,074, making $426,039 loss in wages alone by both groups.

In addition to this large sum, it cost the City of Boston $73,984 to care for these 500 men in its public hospitals and other institutions. This community loss is exclusive of the large sums that were spent by private organizations on 406 out of these 500 cases.

422 of the 500 men had families with an average of 4. 32 members. Commenting on this phase of the problem, the investigator say:

"The direct result on the family income of the disability of the chief bread winner is well shown by the comparison of the total and average weekly income of the 422 families before the onset of illness and after the beginning of the stage of complete disability. In the first instance the total weekly income from all sources was $6807.29 or an average of $17.50, while in the latter the total weekly income was only $3055.66, or an average of $7.86, a decline of 65 per cent. One hundred and sixty one families were without income of any sort during the peroid of complete disability of the patient, while the total weekly income previous to this stage was $1877.75."

If to all of these losses were added the "capitalized value of the earnings cut of by death," Drs. Locke and Floyd estimate that the loss of the 244 dead cases alone would bring the total up to nearly $2,000,000. And if to these 500 cases actually studied were added the 15,000 living cases in Boston, they estimate the loss to the individuals and the city would amount to many millions of dollars.

These figures of the economic loss caused by tuberculosis, they conclude, present the most complete justtification for the money Boston has spent in tubeculosis work, and show why other communities should not hesitate for fear of expense to attack the tuberculosis problem.

THE BORROWED DOLLAR

Debt has been pictured by many writers as a hard taskmaster, and the borrowed dollar is the most abused of currency, but it is nevertheless a development dollar, as it possesses volume and activity, two of the most important factors in our progress to a greater degree than any other form of legal tender. When in the hands of operators not familiar with its purposes and habits it sometimes creates havoc and ruin, but it has rescued

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A Clause In Your Will

By Rev. W. R. Minter.

The writer is not among the number of those who berate men for their post mortem giving. We believe the ante-mortem liberality should be the ordinary kind but there are many people whose situation, financially speaking, is not ordinary and whose gifts therefore have a right to be out of the ordinary—that is in some cases, not so large in their life and more generous at their death.

There are at least three reason's why some of us should make in our wills a bequest to benevolence. Do any of these reasons exist in your life?

First because having a number of dependent ones and only a living income, the chief form of saving being a comfortable amount of life insurance or some unrealizable. unproductive and yet valuable property, some cannot give as freely as they would like; but when their children are grown to independence and they to old age, as their needs for themselves, and their responsibility for their dependents become less and less, their insurance and other hitherto unproductive investments usually become more and more valuable, so that they who could not give largely in his life, can do so in their old age or at their death. "I am going into liquidation," said an aged and generous man as he busied himself putting into effect some provisions of his will—or being his own executor.

Second. Because those of us who have not lived up to the scriptual standard of generosity and have therefore been keeping back and using on ourselves part of that which was due unto God, can by a clause in our wills make an eleventh hour settlement, which is for better than perpetual indettedness to God. The late Mr. Huyler, the candy maker of New York and the benefactor of Montreat, royal giver through he was, left ilhis will no bequest for benevon ence, explaining that all along his life, he had given to his utmost and at his death left only modest sums for his family. All of us who have attained to the Huyler standard, can afford not to insert in our wills a gift to charity. But for those of us who have not, that's a final way to help settle long-overdue accounts.

Third Some countries and some states have an inheritance tax, which of course is compulsory. Would it not help to keep a healthful parity between our's and God's if at least many of God's children would bequest to the church of Christ, as a kind of inheirtance gift, say, 10 per cent of the value of their estates. But at any rate we do well to remember that it is not only not easy to make money but also that it is not easy to disburse it—right. Having striven to earn wealth it seems most sensible in us not to dispose of it without due thought and careful consideration of the different claims that may be upon us.

As to what cause or causes these bequest should go, it is the right of each one to determine for himself or herself. However on a cause dear to the heart of God and therefore one that should be dear to his church, that of the fatherless children merits earnest consideration. The Orphan's Home of the great Synod of North Carolina at Barium Springs, owned, controlled and held perpetually by our beloved church, affords an ideal object for one's benefaction whether by present gift or future legacy. Such an offering might go to the endowment fund or into building and manintaining a memorial cottage and therefore would be in your stead a perpetual toiler for these little ones or else go the Home its disbursement being left to the wisdom of the Board of Regents.

May These thoughts so open up to some by way of suggestion-a glimpse down an avenue of blessedness that more than one may be constrained to walk on this way.

THE BAILEY PLANTATION

By ANNE McQUEEN

"But, mother," argued John Bailey, "it's so foolish for you to stay on alone out here at the plantatian, so far from town, when you can come and live with Florence and me, and have all the comforts the city affords. You won't have even a telephone put in this house!"

"I'd be afraid, John. Every time it rang I would be thinking something dreadful happen- to you. Besides, old Jacob and Chloe sleep right out in the yard, and Cindy always sleeps on a cot in my room. There's no danger. And remember, son, that old trees won't bear transplanting. I'll thrive better on my soil!"

"All right, Mammy—there's nothing more to be said," smiled her son, patting the little silvery curls that would stray about her temples in a girlish manner that was very mortifying to Mra. Bailey. "I won't root you up, but I've my own opinion about it just the same!"

His big car was waiting at the gate, to take him back to the city, fifty miles away. He was a middle-aged man, a prosperous merchant, married to a woman who was a social leader, and, being without children, very much interested in public affairs. But somehow they found little time to come out to the plantation and spend a day with his mother.

Everybody in the country knew the Bailey plantation—the fine old homesterd which had been in the family for generations. There were only two left now, the mother and son. The place belonged to Mrs. Bailey, and she loved it with a passionate devotion, being quite content to live alone with only such companionship as her old colored servants and the few neighbours afforded. She watched her son speeding away to the city, where all his interests were, with a tenderly pathetic little smile. "John's a good boy," she sighed, "but—the old ryme is true: "A son is a son till he gets him a wife, but a daughter's a daughter all the day's of her life!" Dear me! I ought not to complain, but I wish John had children or that I had a daughter of my very own!"

It was not many days after this that she sat in her big wide-armed rocker on the front porch and hummed happily an old hymn tune, as she placidly darned a beautiful old damask tablecloth, It was early summer, and the yard was brimming with flowers, beds of sweet old-fashioned flowers that had alwayr been favorites wlth her, with her mother and even her grandmother, who had planted many of the old shrubs.

Beyond the yard stretched acres of wide lawn, covered with a luxuriant growth of Bermuda grass, which grew rankly in the shade of the giant old trees—beautiful, century - old live-oaks, their-hoary limbs mantled mercifully in gray Spanish moss, satin-leaved magnolias, stately black walnuts, graceful wild cheery trees—everyone a personality to the mistress of the grove. To be sure, it was rather weedy, for Jacob was getting old and couldn't be expected to do the work of a young man. Mrs. Bailey always, said, cheerfully, that Jacob would reach everything in time. There was no need to hurry.

Her gaze, resting lovingly upon her friends, the flowers and trees, wandered down the little avenue leading to the public road. and saw with surprise the gate open and John Bailey drive through in his automobile.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed in a pleasant little flutter of excitement; "if there isn't John coming againl I wonder what has happened to bring him again so soon. There's a stranger in the car, too."

She arose in hospitable haste to greet her guests, descending the long flight of stone steps and walking through the wilderness of blooming things to meet them at the yard gate. Dressed in her immaculate, newly laundered print gown, a little linen collar, fastened with a coral brooch at her throat, her brown eyes misty, her cheeks tinged like the faint pink of the crab-apple blossoms, and the little runaway curls straying youthfully about her temples, she presented a charming picture—a mother anybody might be proud to possess!

"This is Mr. Stacy, mother," said her son, presenting the stranger. He is from up North, and I brought him out to take pot luck—some of the collards and dumplings, the middlings and hominy we folks down South love."

His mother smiled indulgently upon her son. "He thinks that is a joke," she explained. "You mustn't pay any attention to him. I promise you won't have to eat any of his favorite dishes."

She did, indeed, give them a good luncheon—delicate food, well cooked and daintily served, to honor the guest, in the fine old Wedgwood that had been a present from England to her grandmother, a wedding gift from friends oversea, and for which John showed a sad lack of appreciation, preferring the modern, gold-banded dinner set for which Florence had paid a princely price. But if her son was unappreciative, the stranger was not, for his eyes were keen to notice and his tongue ready to praise all the treasures Mrs. Bailey displayed to do him honor. She glowed with pride at his praise, and his right knowledge of their value.

"But my son doesn't care for old things," she said, with a deprecating smile. "He is altogether modern, and I am of the past generation—I, and all that I possess. If I had a daughter, now, she would understand."

"You must take Mr. Stacy over the house, mother; show him the old furniture and things. He can appreciate them, if I don't seem to," said John Bailey, rather carelessly.

"If he would care," said Mrs. Bailey with sparkling eyes, "I shall be delighted to show him everything worth seeing."

So the stranger was shown over the house, and was told the history of the most interesting things. He listened carefully, sometimes jotting down a few brief words in a little book, when anything particularly impressed him. It had been a long time since Mrs. Bailey had found such an appreciative listener, and she thoroughly enjoyed his visit. Particularly enthusiastic was he when, after going through the house, his hostess took him out and showed him her historical flower beds and the beauties of the lawn, with its wonderful old trees and shrubs. He did not, as John would have done, comment upon her old gardener's neglect.

',This is just the thing!" he exclaimed, exultantly; adding, as Mrs. Bailey seemed a little puzzled, "I mean, it is quite ideal—a home that is rich in historic beauty. One does not often come across them now."

Her son had not accompanied them; he had sat on the porch and smoked, reading a paper he had brought along from the city. "Well he asked, as they returned, "does the place please you? Or has mother set more value on her possessions than they really merit?"

"It is quite perfect," declared Mr. Stacy. "I could not have hoped to find—I did not think there was just such a place in all the State. I thank you for bringing me out and giving me a chance to see it."

"Ah you see somebody else appreciates old things!" she exulted happily.

But, after the fashion of mother, she pondered over the little worried look in his eyes as he bade her good-by; at a little unnatural restraint in his manner, hardly noticeable when he was present, but something to worry over, as mothers will, after he had gone.

The next day she knew. For John Bailey came again the long distance from the city to explain. The man from the North was an agent, in search of a suitable place for a client who wanted just such a home. And he had offered a wonderfully good price for it.

"But remember, mother," said her son, his own eyes cast down so that he failed to see the terrified amazement in hers, "you are not obliged to sell unless you are perfectly willing. Only you know that Florence and I worry about you out here, snd would both be more than glad to have you with us. You know your son will try to make you happy. And—and, mother, it is hard for me to tell you this, but—I need money. Need it so much, in fact, that I must go to the wall unless I can raise it mighty soon. This man has offered a fancy price for the old place because of this rich client's whim to have an old-fashioned, furnished house. But, mammy, not unless you are willing—not unless you want to."

The mother-heart pulsed the the blood back into the pale face. Her boy was in trouble, and she must help him. The price of the sacrifice be it great or small, must make no difference.

"Certainly I am willing, if that is the case, son," she said gently. "Will the price offered be quite sufficient? Will it keep your business from going to ruin?"

"It will be more than enough He breathed feeely again; after all, his mother did not mind—so very mnch. It was a great relief to him: now he could hold up his head in the business world again.

"Stacy is only waiting to see if you are willing to sell to bring the deal to a close. You see mother"—he looked wistfully into her face; the big, forty-year-old man a little boy again, and in trouble—"I didn't know where in the world to raise a loan. Times are so panicky that money is all tied up—nobody will lend. And I have just got to have some money, right now, or I lose out."

"You shall have it, Johnny-boy," soothed the little mother, patting the head of her troubled child. "The house is but so much brick and mortar—the furniture as you sometimes say, 'junk' I shall be quite happy with you and Florence—in the city."

And she dreaded the city. she was as helpless as a child in it. John and Florence often laughed at her because of this fear but nothing could conquer it—except a mother's heart, which is the bravest thing in all the world.

She gave him his dinner, which he enjoyed very much, now that the weight of anxiety was removed: and she tranquilly made pretense to sip her tea, and so managed with her food that he thought she ate and drank—which was sufficient.

"But you must give me a little time, son," she begged, and John, jubilant with gratitude, vowed she should have all the time shs wanted. But she shook her head. "Mother people will want to be coming—to spend the summer. I am glad they will see the garden while it is at its best, and I only want a few weeks longer to have everything in perfect order."

So it happened thst she went about putting the house in order as if for the coming of a bride to her new home. Her old servants, to whom she told nothing of the change, dreading their sorrow, wondered, but obeyed their mistress without questioning, only marveling when they were alone at the reason of the unusual work.

Continued on fourth page.

A Visit To Barium Springs

Equipment of the Orphans' Home and Impression Made On Visitor---Needs of the Institution.

Whether you are a Presbyterian or not, you would enjoy a visit to Barium Orphanage. If you go you will come away, as the writer did, with mingled pleasure and pride, I wish I could add satisfaction, but while there was much to make one feel pleasure and pride, I cry with Oliver for more. The general impression made on one who has never been there before, is one of pleasing surprise. The place is "beautiful for situation," to begin with. The buildings, nine in number, wear a substantial Presbyterian air. Only two are frame buildings the Infirmary and Round Knob.

We were met by the kind and capable superintendent and taken first to the handsome library building and from there, as a startlng point, we visited the various cottages, taking a peep into several school rooms and observing for our selves the bright, fat, well-cared-for boys and girls who have a home here.

We also visited the dormitories and noted how clean and comfortable they were, all having bath rooms attached.

We visited the kitchen, where a group of busy girls, under the direction of a trained matron, were preparing the dinner, which we afterwards shared with them.

"The fare?" The question was asked by several when we returned home. Well, we found the fare simple, but clean and well-prepared and doubtless that has not a little to do with the bright, healthy faces we saw on every side.

In the infirmary there was only one dear little girl patient, whose beautiful brown eyes still haunt us. Everything around her was dainty and clean and she had her large dolly to cheer her loneliness.

In the industrial building we only visited the laundry. There we found another group of girls, under directlon of the capable matron, ironing the clothes which the washing machine had turned over to them. The day was warm and the bright faces were rosy and the work was being well done.

We regretted not visiting the printing office, for apart from the curiosity to see how a paper is "run" we would have liked to meet the printer boys and their foreman, who help to make "Our Fatherless Ones" such a good little paper.

One other regret we had—not seeing the interior of the handsome little Joe's Church, which adorns the handsome grounds.

We found men busy that day repairing the standpipe and others at work on the electric wires, and soon, with abundant water connection, and electric lights, our Synod,s noble home will be that much nearer that perfection to which we aspire.

"What do you think is most needed?" Well, first a dining hall with kitchen attached, so that the space in Rumple Hall may be utilized to relieve the crowded condition of the dormitories. Then. the library needs replenishing, not with "cast-off books," but especially with books suitable for Sunday reading, and the books need to be classified.

There many—be there must be other needs, but these were what we found out for ourselves. The matrons and teachers all impressed us as people who realized the high privilege of this mission to which Our Father has appointed them—the mission of ministering to His little ones, and now, as a last word we say: Leave your critical eye at home and see with your good eye what the Presbyterian Orphans Home at Barium is, and how you can help to supply its needs.

O. H.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, April 18 1912

TWO GREAT DANGERS.

Two great dangers to all good government are patronage and privilege. There is no more potent influence in an election than patronage. Let a man be up for reelection to any office in State or National affairs; and straightway you will see him begin "leg pulling." The men he has favored in any way, during his former service, will be called on "to pay back," by doing all they can for his reelection.

There are so many offices now under the Federal Government, and they are so throughly worked by the administrations they hold their positions under, that many thousands of votes are thus virtually bought every year.

The post office, civil service, and all others of the government departments are always called upon by somebody about election time to secure campaign money. And there are not many who have the backbone to say no. Then too the pension roll represents many, many thousands, if we are to judge by the size of it in dollars and cents. How are we then, to secure a fair expression of opinion and choice when the patronage of the Government is used to reelect old officers, and when our United States Senate seems to approve of the use of almost unlimited money, to elect any member of that body who belongs to the privileged class.

Between patronage and privilege our representive government is sailing between Sillla and Carybdis, two dangerous rocks, that it will take much wisdom and patriotism to avoid.

TEACH CHILDREN TO BE KIND.

A rough cruel boy will be a rough cruel man: a heartless girl who delights to stick pins through flies or takes pleasure in pinching a dogs ear or pulling the tail of a cat, is not of the nature that make gentle, sweet women. Children from their very infancy should be taught, that birds and animals have a right to enjoy life in their own way, provided they are not a menace to the enjoyment of others.

Boys should be taught that to rob a birds nest is to destroy a whole family of birds; to trounce a frog just to hear him flop upon the ground is a piece of cruelty that no boy should practice.

Cruel sports are hardening in their effects upon character and the boy who delights in the sufferings of any dumb creature, is a promising candidate for the criminal class, in the community look out for him behind the bars some day.

A primary lesson in life is "Teach children to be kind."

Here is a motto which had great influence upon Garfield's life: "There are some things I am afraid of—I am afraid to do a mean thing." Another was: "Things do not turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."

THE CHILD

Address delivered before the TRI-STATE CONFERENCE of ORPHANAGE WORKERS at Clinton S. C. April, 2, by Dr. A. T. Jamison, President of the Conference.

There is more talk in the world today about children than folks ever heard before. And yet it is a fact that we have upon our hands, generally speaking, a nation of spoiled children. There are more magazines, for children, more articles on the subject of children in the Standard Magazines, than the world ever saw before.

Let us for a while talk not about children especially but about the child. As executive officers we are more than human if we do not yield to the pressure for general oversight and neglect in some degree at least the details of our work. It may be good for us to think now not about our two hundred children that we have left at home but about the child and his needs.

It is significant that within a year a fine enterprise in England has launched a magazine called The Child. Only two months ago there was begun in Chicago a monthly magazine that is also named the Child. I think that these incidents have significance, and it is to be hoped that both journals will live up to the significance of their name. Our blessed Lord said on one occasion, "Whosoever shall receive this little child in my name receiveth me." On another occasion it is said of Him that "he took a little child and set him by His side." And again He Himself said, Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same shall be great in the kingdom of heaven."

I would have you this evening think first of the old time way of dealing with children, and then contrast it with the new time way. In the next place I would have you consider with me some of our needs, and then look at some of our dangers. Finally, let us ask the question how we are meeting the demands of the hour.

I, for one, cannot defend the old time way of dealing with children as regards their punishment. There was usually little or no discrimination or intelligence practiced by those in authority. I cannot see how we can defend the unintelligent way of punishing children. It was thought to be no disgrace for a parent to give a child a terrible beating. The flogging was usually administered for all purposes, and without any discrimination as to difference in the nature of the offence. Most of those who administered discipline went upon the principle given in the Hoosier School Master: "No likie, No larnin "Whittier in one of his poems speaks of "The brisk weilder of the birch and rule." One of the qualifications of the old time school teacher was the ability to thrash the biggest boy in the community.

But after all, I really believe that the new time way is, on a whole, not a very great success. One has recently uttered the the exclamation, "O, for some parents that are worth while." While this may seem rather a pestimistic wail, and may not give an accurate picture of the situation, it illustrates our condition partially. Alas, that we should be so ashamed of so many parents of the present day who give their first preference in everything. This may appear very sentimental and sweet, but it will not help the child. It will spoil any child to give him the choice bits in helping at the table. It will ruin any child that was ever born if he is given first place in everything. The new way time has gone in the very opposite way from tne old. In many of our homes there is practically no control of the child, unless the child assents. He is cajoled, argued with, wheedled and petted. It seems to me we must admit that the voice of authority is wanting. It is a pity that the authorative voice grows weak, and constantly fainter. It is a pity for the child to be left his own master. Woe unto him, for he is an incompetent master. It is said that a doctor must not be his own physician. Alas, how pitiful that a child should ever be left to himself, and that it should be thought for a single moment that he is a capable and efficient guide for himself.

Many children left in the world without the blessing of good parents to guide them have been turned over to us. It is ours to assume authority and then to use it in the fear of God for the good of the child. Arbitrary is the letter and not the spirit, and surely killeth the spirit of the child. There is no reason why we should practice either the harsh and hard old time way or the namby-pamby new time way. There is a straight middle course that is intelligent and sane. It will cause us no end of trouble to pursue it, but the good of the child should inspire us constantly. There is no reason to join in the cry occasionally heard for a revival of the Spartan methods of dealing with children, nor yet to join the ranks of those who think the child should be humored to have whatever he wants.

As to our needs I shall mention four. The first and most important is that the quality of our work shall be first-clas. It is not the largest amount of work that we do, nor the grandest reports that we read, that shall count in the end. Two hundred half trained children are not equal to one hundred fitted for self support. A great deal of money is wasted by half baking our bred. Much of it is not thoroughly done, and it gives indigestion to the good constituency that provided money to support the work. Great reports are an abomination if the figures stands for nothing in the wry of good done for the children. What boots it if our report shows that 75 children were sent out last year, if they were sent out raw and helpless, and untrained. Better had we reported that 14 were sent out, Nora to teach, Henry as a newspaper reporter, Mary to enter college and George to run a dairy farm, and all the rest to definite work. "For the good of the child" is a motto that should be read on every arch of entrance to every building, and on every blue print that is preparing another building for erection on our grounds.

Another need is that we should give faithful study to the individual child. We must not study him in masse, but must look into his heredity, and study his friends. Children are not like so many bricks in a building. All the brick are the same but in a company of children each child is an individual. we should know if a child is below the normal in height and weight and should know the reason why. Medical examination would give this information. A certain child could not make progress in school and no one could tell why. Bn examination by a competent oculist revealed the fact that the child could not see the blackboard, and was falling behind in all the work of the school. For some reason of sensitiveness or timidity he did not want to confess that he was near sighted, but the discovery of the difficulty brought the child straight up to the front. It cost a little money, but what is money that it should stand between us and the child?

Another need is that we should give our cnildren as much refinement as possible. Not that we are in the business of polishing dudes, for we don't want to send out a Mr. Turveydrop with his too much deportment. We are not here, either, to get all the work we can out of the children, for we are not to commercialize the shop department, or the carpenter shop, or the furniture department or the blacksmith shop, or the printing office. We are for the building of character and the training of men and women. It may be said that a rough boy will not take on refinement, and that we cannot teach it to him, It is true that he discourages us when ne comes in from the farm or field with his muddy boots to spoil the floor and damage the furniture. He may be trained not to abuse the building and furniture. How does any boy learn to be a gentleman and not a boor? He must be taught these things. The most refined gentleman in our midst had to be taught the lessons of politeness. A beginning had to be made. He gradually came to understand what it was to be polite and gentlemanly. Our boys and girls should be taught gentlemanly and ladylike manners, and should go from our institutions reflecting the refinement and general uplift that it offers its students.

But the greatest need is that there shall be love in all our work. Love never fails. It is the mother's love for her child that generates a gratitude that will endure forever. Love does not forget and it always wins. Building and endowments, medical examination and psychology are in vain without love. It is not the official kind that I plead for, but the affectionate, kindly sort. A child needs love for his own development. His life will be starved without it, and will remain narrow and poor. It is an abnormal child that has love left out of its life. Obedience is necessary in the proper training of the child but love is a greater thing than obedience. Efficiency is desirable, but love is greater. We want our children to attain success, but love is greater than success. Throughness is as important as we have always regarded it, but love is greater. Now abideth obedience, efficiency, success, throughness, and love, these all, but the greatest of these is love.

To be concluded next week.

Wheat Selection for Improving Both yield and Quality.

Let any farmer walk through his field of wheat, and he will find that all the heads are not alike, if sown from the best standard varieties of seed wheat. He will find that some heads are longer than others, some broader, some with more grains to the head, and some tighter in the chaff, and so on. It has recently became fully known that most of these variations, unless they are directy induced by a patch of richer soil, are strictly and fully inheritable and are transmitted to their progeny in full vigor and perfection. If farmers who are specially interested in improving the yields and quality of their wheats will go through their fields at harvest time, and pick out the best heads from their fields, and thresh and save them for stock seed. they will find that it will result in a considerable improvement in the yield, quality and uniformity of the crop produced another season. Even if the farmer only picks out enough heads to make a bushel to a bushel and a half of select seed, this will give him enough to sow an acre of wheat for the next season, and that will produce a superior grade of seed. The product of this should give him sufficient seed to give him a good start towards his full seeding for the following year.

We are following out this method of selection on our own farms and we hope by this means to eventually increase the yield of different varieties of wheat which we offer, materially; but farmers can accmplish very generally the same reults for themselves, if they will follow out the practice as above indicated, and increased yields per acre of all wheats sown can very soon come to be realized, provided this method is generally practiced in the saving and selection of seed wheat.—Wood's Crop Special published by T. W. Woods & Sons, Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

Color photography on paper has arrived, according to "Wilson's Photographic Magazine." The new paper is to be used in conjunction with the Lumiere color plates, which successfully reproduce natural colors, but only on glass transparencies. By printing those transparencies on the new paper—which is called "Utocolor," and is the invention of Dr. J. H. Smith an Englishman—a beautiful colored photograph is, it is claimed, obtained by a simple chemical process.

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Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers *and* "Increase Your Yield per Acre"

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OUR FATHERLESS ONES

How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orderr should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

Our Club Rates.

Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year
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10 to 50 or more Subs.....60 cts. per year

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Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * *;"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

In reading a notice of the appearence of a New Periodical called "Home Progress" in a recent number of "The Outlook," they called attention to an article in the initial number called "The Relation of the Doctor to the Home," in which they bring out a prophetic idea. That idea is, that "the family physician ought to regularly inspect, the habits of living in every home." We go a little further, and say that especially in asylums and orphanages, the regular physician, should inspect the rooms sanitary arrangements and rations at least once a week, and then they would be able to prevent and remedy, much disease that they are now treating in the dark.

Regular inspection would enforce a care and cleanliness that will never be had in any other way, and every large Institution where there are a great many children, should adopt this plan speedily.

The road crew have reached Barium and they are tearing up the road hereabout. The big plow is going down to the bottom of things, the scrapers are smoothing and distributing the the dirt, and Mr. Earp and his men, and mules, seem to thoroughly understand their business. We shall soon have a road to Statesville it will be a pleasure to drive over.

There was a full attendance at the Ladies Missionary Society of Little Joe's church Friday, and the meeting was a most helpful and interesting one. Two new members were received. Misses Hart and Woods.

As the Society was organized since the last meeting of the Missionary Union of Concord Presbytery to this time we have not united with the Union. By a unanimous vote of the Society we decided to join the Union before the spring meeting and hope to have at least two representatives in attendance.

Summary of recipts by churches and Sunday schools, with the apportoinments, from the following Presbyteries for the year ending April 1st, 1912:

	Presbyterial Apportionment	Paid	S.S. Paid
Abermarle	$1500.00	$1727.53	$424.74
Asheville	500.00	124.46	12.40
Concord	3400.00	3372.81	1233.44
Fayetteville	3800.00	4045.38	1069.34
Kings Mountain	1000.00	784.43	109.57
Mecklenburg	3500.00	2479.23	687.23
Orange	4800.00	5110.05	1338.68
Wilmington	1500.00	987.88	317.31
Totals,	20.000.00	1,8631.77	5,192.71

The following Presbyteries have overpaid their apportionment as follows:

Albermarle,	$ 227.53
Fayetteville,	245.00
Orange,	310.00
	782.53

The following Presbyteries have not come up to their apportionment as follows:

Asheville,	375.54
Concord,	27.19
Kings Mountain,	215.57
Mecklenburg,	1020.77
Wilmington,	512.12
	$2151.19

It is with great pleasure we announce that Rev. J. M. Wells, D.D. of Wilmington has accepted the invitation to preach the commencement sermon, May, 26.

Mr. Walker and Our Editor are away this week attending the different presbyteries. By extra effort they are able to attend five of the six. Mr. Walker will meet with the following. Orange at Burlington, Albermarle at Henderson and Fayetteville at at Durham. Mr. Hill will meet with Kings Mountain at Lowell and Asheville at Bryson City. Mr. Walker attended Wilmington at Warsaw last week.

The Bailey Plantation.

strong young arm about the drooping figure and drew her to a seat on a rustic bench by the gate.

"Sit here and rest—and let me tell you about it all," she said, with loving authority.

And Mrs. Bailey, with warm young fingers clasping her own, leaned weakly upon the bench, too feeble to protest, and let the new owner of the Bailey plantation have her will.

"You see, when I commissioned Mr. Stacy to find me a real, certified old Southern plantation, with the house furnished in real old furniture, I imagined, if such a beautiful place could be found, that it would be the property of someone who had died and left it to be sold. But when he returned and told me the circumstances, and of how proud you were of all of your dear old things, and your beautiful, beautiful home, and—and that your son needed the money or you wouldn't have sold, he believe, why, I just came as straight as I could to tell your son, first of all, that I was only too glad, having more money than is good for me, to consider it as a loan, and that you were not, for any consideration, to sell your home. I just simply will not have it! So there! And furthermore, you never, never shall give it up to anybody! Only, as I've never, since I was a baby, owned a mother, and have never had a home—just been brought up in boarding-schools and hotels—I wanted to beg you—just for one summer—on trial, to adopt me for your own daughter. And I do believe I'll be such a good daughter that you will be willing for me to belong to you always."

Mrs. Bailey straightened up; she patted the silvery curls into place and wiped away the tears from cheeks that were pink as crab-apple blossoms with excitement. "My dear," she said, briskly, "come right in to the house this minutc! I have everything lovely for you. And you shall have the blue room that opens into mine—the one with grandma's bridal furniture in it."

Into the hall she led the newcomer, calling to Cindy on the staircase, looking round-eyed upon them: "Run to the kitchen, Cindy, and bring Chloe and Jacob. I want Miss Katherine to know you all. She is the guest I have been expecting."

And Cindy, elate with prophecy fulfilled, hurried joyfully to the kitchen, where old Jacob dreamed a dream of peace on the woodbox in the corner, and Chloe, anxious because of the mistress's poor appetite, was making Maryland biscuit to tempt it, beating the dough with rhythmic strokes, keeping time with the old hymn tune she was droning.

"Come, mamma and daddy," exulted their daughter' "you all come right up in de hall, ole Miss say. She want you to see de young lady she been 'spectin' and 'parin' for. What I told you? Now she done come, I lay you dey's gwineter be joysome times at de Bailey plantation a-gin."

The house, shining in spotless splendor, testified to it; the burdened beauty of the rosebushes nodded affirmation; the breeze, whispering the secret to the moss-muffled old oaks, stirred them to murmurings of drowsy approval of the news.

In the room upstairs, the blue room with the dainty old furniture sent from oversea to a bride of the dead past, the girl with the understanding heart looked down into the shining face of the mistress of the mansion, and mentally confirmed the fact. Hereafter there would be only joysome times at the Bailey plantation!

The record for fast railway track laying is said to have been gained 1or a railway in British Nigeria—six and a half miles in twelve hours and fifty minutes. Over 1,600 men were employed in this feat—all but seventeen of them being natives. After this, Africans cannot be accused of lacking energy.

MEN AND THINGS

Some thief stole a grip belonging to Governor Woodrow Wilson while he was on a visit to a Roman Catholic priest in Chicago. His room in a down town hotel, were entered, and the theft made, it looks like, for political purposes.

The grip contained Governor Wilson's private papers and doubtless many valuable political documents, so the theft was doubtless made to embarass the Governor, and hinder his campaign. But Woodrow Wilson is too versatile a man to be blocked by any such trick as this. His mind is a store house of historical and political lore, and he is never caught napping: his campaign will go on all the same.

The floods along the Mississippi and its tributaries, are most distressful, carrying destruction and desolation over a large extent of county talking in many counties in several states.

The loss in dwellings, crops, and stock, will be immense, and the breaking of the embankments along those rivers in many places, involves much future labor, to restore, and recover the lands that are now under water. Memphis, Natchey, Vicksboro, Greenville, not to mention many smaller towns are all flooded, and, anxious eyes are watching the assuaging of the waters.

We hope soon to hear that the floods have subsided.

The passing of Charles Brantly Aycook, causes a wave of sorrow, that touches every valley, hamlet, town, and city in our State. Few men have arisen from the ranks, and attained to a place of eminence, who remained so close to the plain people as Charles Brantly Aycook. He was a great man, without seeming to be aware of it himself, and few men so unreserved their endowments and earnings for the betterment of the people, as did he.

He was well called the Educational Governor," and the cause of common school education for the masses, went forward by leaps and bounds under his administration as governor. We are glad to see that we are to have a "Life of Aycock," and that the work is to be committed to R. D. W. Cormer, Clarence Poe and probably Dr. Geo T. Winston.

With such men as these to tell the story of his life, we are sure it will be well done.

We do not know when it is coming, but some day. Emperor William of Germany is going to meet a crisis in his government affairs that will shake many of his ideas and upset them.

Socialism is a mighty and growing force in Germany and socialism is organized. Socialism uses the Dramr and Opera, and litterature, and around the hearth stone of the socilist, his children learn what the parents stand for.

Meanwhile monarchial socialism is a scheme against a scheme. The emperor is willing to see a certain amount of organization among the laboring classes, but his effort is to over-rule all large enterprises so as to let the lower strata of working men. have some share in earnings. at least enough to keep them satisfied, and to some extent prosperous.

How long will the German people who are growing outspoken every year be willing to accept Emperor William's "Divine right" "overlord" ideas before they call for a change?

To South Carolina belongs the honorable distinction of unveiling the first monument to the woman of the Confederacy.

This interesting event took place at Columbia on April the 1st in the presence of a large concourse of people at 12:15 P.M. Rev John G. Richards Sr. chaplain of the 10th South Carolina, of the old Confederate Army, made the prayer, the band played "Nearer my God to Thee" and then followed the address of Gen. C. Irvine Walker. It was a day that well comemorated the real heroism of our Southern women, who were found on the battle field, in the field hospital: even in the cornfield and at the wash tub, helping a cause that demanded and received their true hearted loyalty.

Let every Southern State imitate South Carolina, for no where in all the world, is to be found truer women than those that find birth and home in our South land.

There is no subject too practical for a poet when he touches his inspirator just read the following.

Poet Meets Poet

A north Missouri farmer whose hog was killed by a train wrote to the company's claim agent for a settlement says a writer in the Columbia Statesman. He penned his communication thus: "Dear Sir—My razor bach strolled down your track a week ago today. Your twenty-nine came down the line and snuffed his life away. You can't blame me, the hog, you see, slipped through a cattle gate; so kindly pen a check for ten, the debt to liquidate."

He received the following reply:

"Old twenty-nine came down the line and killed your hog, we know; but razor backs on railroad tracks quite often meet with woe. Therefore, my friend, we cannot send the check for which you pine. Just plant the dead, place o'er his head, ,Here lies a foolish swine.'"

We are glad to see from a recent announcement in The Cosmopolitan Magazine, that Dr. Harvey W. Wiley who filled so honorably his place in charge of The United States Bureau of Chemistry, has accepted a position with Good Housekeeping Magazine.

This is a very proper field for Dr. Wiley, his opinions and judgments are neither bought nor sold, and we shall expect to see the pages of "Good Housekeeping" greatly enriched by his wonderful talent.

Thoughts for Quiet Hour.

"Take heed of thy friend. A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found such a one hath found a treaure.
PROVERB.

"Friendship is a word the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm."
AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

"If a man does not make new friedships as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair"
DR. JOHNSON.

"Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing."
BENJAMAN FRANKLIN.

"Plant blessings and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow.
You can sow to-day, to-morrow shall bring
The bloosom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed that you sow."

WILD ANIMALS ,

The wild animal that minds cold the least is undoutbtedly the rabbit. Indeed it is said that the rabbit is, of all warm-blooded creatures, the most capable of withstanding very low temperatures. A rabbit which had got into a block of ice was imprisoned there twelve hours. When freedom was finally secured, it began almost instantly to feed.

Hares, too, can stand a lot of cold so long as they can get food. The Alpine hare, which is found in Cumberlrnd and Scotland, never seems inconvenienced by the worst frost. The Arctic fox is another creature which no degree of cold seems to brother. It is one of the very few animals of the Arctic region which dose not hidernate.

of domestic animals, sheep came first as cold resisters. In a great blizzard which swept England in 1891, sheep were dug out of the drifts that had been buried twenty-four days. They were still alive. Next to the sheep in cold weather hardiness come goats and then pigs.

Among the birds, thrushes and blackbirds seem able to endure less cold than the finch tribe of which the house sparrow is the commonest type. The hedge sparrow appears, of all birds, to be the most affected by cold.—Our Dum Animals.

--When you dodge duty, you turn out of the way.

--When a lie looks white there is something wrong with the vision.

--He who is never misunderstood never does much that is worth while.

--Some folks are good to their vices;Sabbath day.

--Morning is always the farthest away to those who keep gazing toward the place where the sun went down.

Those who are anxious to secure the worth of thier money in the purchase of a piano had better consult the great firm of

CHAS. M. STIEFF

before closing a trade.

It's mighty easy to be triped into buying a cheap piano by canvassers representing— well you don't know what or who.

They have nothing at stake and you are the victim.

Better patronize a firm that has something at stake and whose interest is your interest,

Chas. M. Stieff,

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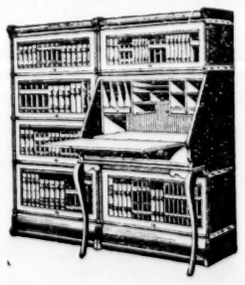

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The Corner for Smiles

"Here's an article written by a scientist who says that insects have emotions. He claims he has frequently seen a mosquito weep"

"Well, I've often seen a moth ball."—Philadelphia Record.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, he chanced to pass the neighbor's place where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pig pen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he; "how's your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you!" replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"—Boston Courier.

Never be in your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you'll be in —London Answers.

"Sir," said the haughty American to his adhesive tailor," I object to this boorish dunning. I would have you know that my great-great-grandfather was one of the early settlers,"

"And yet,"sighed the anxious tradesman."there are people who believe in heredity."—Tit-Bits.

Bacon—Are you doing anything to relive the suffering of your neighbors?

Egbert—Yes: I've just sold my phonograph!—Yonkers Statesman.

Hogan—Phwat became av Pat?

Grogan—The poor fellow mistook an auto horn for a whistle and stopped wurrk crossing the strate.—Puck.

Jones—"Well, Smith, did pou propose to Miss Airess last night?"

Smith—"Yes, and her answer was very ambiguous and contradictory."

Jones—"Why. what did she say?"

Smith—"She gave me a positive negative."—Ex.

Cholly—The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling."

Ethel—"Did he recomhend any special course of study?"—Ex.

Mrs. Robinson.—"And were you up the Rhine?"

Mrs. De Jones.—"I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!"—Ex.

"Everybody emits rays. An angry man emits violet rays; a contented person emits pinkish rays."

"Sounds interesting. I wonder if my boss would emit a ten dollar raise of salary!"—Ex.

Captian Hardress Lloyd, polo player, was talking in New York about the cessation of flogging at the great English public school of Eton.

"I am glad," he said, "that flogging is now done away with. Eton boys used to suffer a good deal from the birch. There was one Eton master in the 70's who flogged so severely that his death, when he came to die, was announced in the papers among the shipping news. They announced it under the head 'Loss of a Whaler.' "—New York Tribune.

See the ladies with the hats—
Stunning hats—
Looming up in battlements and
slanting down in flats!
How they flutter, flutter, flutter.
At the corner of the street!
And the ones who wear them
utter
Words as soft as melted butter
To the friends they chance to
meet,
As they flash, flash, flash,
In a sort of shiny hash,
Till you'd think a flock of blue
and green and pink and
purple bats
Where in the hats, hats, hats,
Hats, hats, hats, hats—
The fearful and the cheerful
string of hats!

"Couldn't you be persuaded to accept a nomination?" inquired the solicitous friend.

"Not unless there is an unmistakable call for me from the better element of the people."

"And who do you consider the better element?"

"Those who have the good sense to call for me."

When a sinner does go to church, he hates to listen to the service from behind a profusion of millinery.

The Borrowed Dollar.

many a sinking enterprise, has performed deeds of industrial heroism, and it has been the burden bearer of industry.

No man or animal possesses the active instincts of the borrowed dollar. When in bad hands it quickly returns to its owner or moves rapidly on through the channels of trade until it finds a competent hand to guide it where it can glorify its creator without being railed at by incompetent owners or incapable directory. It has fought our battles, built cities and developed the industry and commerce of the country. During times of prosperity efforts have been made to drive it from circulation, but duriug adversity we send emissaries to plead for its return, and it is sought after by every important enterprise in the country.

Idle dollars, like idle men, are no good to a community, but the charge of vagrancy can never be made against the borrowed dollar. No one will borrow money and let it lie idle. Idleness is its mortal foe and is certain destruction. The borrowed dollar must move rapidly on its journey and return heavily laden with the fruits of its toil or it will perish. No other form of currency possesses such compelling forces of activity as the borrowed dollar.

The Bailey Plantation.

"Sump'n fine's gwineter happen, I reckon," quoth Cindy, the housemaid, to her parents, the cook and the gardener. "I 'clare, I ain't seed ole Miss so pertickler before since Marse John married. I'm 'spectin sump'n good to happen."

"Law, chile," replied Chloe, her mother. "You can't reccollec' de big time fo' de war, when Miss was a lil' gal, and den a young lady. Balls and parties gwine on all de time. Folks come in carriages, dem days, and staid a week at a time. You ain't never see nothin' like 'em in yo' time and generation."

"Miss had me scrubbin' dem brass firedogs all day," sighed old Jacob. Hit's putty worrisome, scrubbin'. But somehow she don't look like nothin' good gwineter happen."

But at last even the critical eyes of the mistress could see no blemish in the house. Everything was ready except her own room. She had left that for the last. When her own few personal belongings would be packed up she would give orders to Cindy to see that it was put to rights. She could not quite bear to see any change made in it.

Having everything perfect within, Mrs. Bailey walked out one day to give puttering slow old Jacob patient orders about putting the garden to rights. She was glad, with a heart-breaking sort of gladness, that the new owners would see her dear home in its fullest perfection of beauty. If she were only there when they came she would see that the whole house was made sweet with flowers. But she could not do that—she would leave Cindy to attend to it. John had promised to let her know in plenty of time, so that she would be away before the strangers took possession of the house and the treasures of her fathers.

She walked down the white, graveled walk, bordered with rose geranium, to pluck a handful of spicepinks from the bed by the gate. Her own mother had planted that bed, when she was only a little girl standing by and "helping," as she always did with the flowers. As she stood caressing the pinks with fingers that trembled a little, absorbed in old memories, she failed to see the young woman who had opened the gate at the road and was now walking rapidly up the avenue. A handsome Toung woman she was, with a fine. decisive face, as of a person with a will of her own, one accostomed to be obeyed. She approached the frail little figure, standing unseeing in the gateway arched with roses, caressing her pinks with her little, wrinkled fingers, and held out both her own firm, strong, white hands in greeting.

"I am certain that you are Mrs. Bailey," spoke the stranger in a voice as firm and sweet as her face. "I am Katherine North, the client for whom Mr. Stacy was commissioned to buy a furnished house,"

Mrs. Bailey, taken by surprise, swayed just a little, a pallor stealing over her delicate face. The girl, quick to see, threw her

Continued on page three.

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